

ANKATHIE



“No art without craft” - believe it or not there are still a few stodgy old rockers who continue to make that claim. And that despite the fact that punk didn’t just throw that idea out the window, it jumped out after it, curbstomped it, and set the remains on fire. What counts are ideas, intuition, and just fucking doing it.

Ankathie Koi embodies the best of both worlds. A classically trained jazz singer who hasn’t only mastered her craft and her three octave vocal range but is also at home across a range of styles. She can perform enchanting standards from the American Song Book just as easily as she can play the elegant chanteuse like Hildegard Knef or raise goose-bumps with an emotional ballad.

But Ankathie Koi doesn’t use her talent as ‘l’art pour l’art’. She isn’t really interested in the American Song Book. She doesn’t sing jazz ballads either. Ankathie Koi produces danceable pop with an obvious 80’s influence. The songs, like the singer, are simultaneously colorful, hyperactive, catchy, sexy, and elegant. Qualities that were already apparent in her performances with the glam-pop duo Fijuka. Her solo shows just turn all the dials to 11.

Imagine the illegitimate love-child of Kate Bush and Cyndi Lauper taking part in an aerobics class taught by Peaches while Stevie Nicks and Madonna are screaming at everyone to loosen up and David Bowie songs are blaring from the speakers. That might give you a vague idea of what to expect from her debut “I Hate The Way You Chew”. Produced by the legendary techno musician Patrick Pulsinger it was released in the spring of 2017 and featured lyrics that were a little bit crazy, a little bit thoughtful, but every bit on point.

The video clips for her singles “Little Hell”, “Black Mamba” and “Foreign Heart” make it clear she is an extremely versatile and expressive performer. An entertainer who naturally combines fun and professionalism. A human who is not only vulnerable but possesses an incredible lust for life.

Ankathie Koi can be a party animal, an elegant lady, or a man-eating vamp while simultaneously refusing to follow any gender-specific stereotypes. As a singer with a mullet and penchant for extravagant outfits, she shines in the role of gender-rebel, displaying macho stage presence with a cheeky grin. A woman who understands that men can be sisters, sharing the stage with two of them during her live excesses.

This is obviously feminist but there are no dogmas or rules.
Well, maybe one: Don’t be stupid!